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The Minstrel of the Forest.

(CONCLUDED.)

"REGARDLESS of his address, I turned to her with the most torturing anguish burning in my eyes—" Thusnelda! it was *indeed*, a last adieu! May the beneficient King of Heaven make you blessed; and the sorrows which may have been doomed for thy head, O! may they all be showered on this devoted heart, whose racking agony cannot be rendered more acute!—Farewel! and remember, in thy last hour, that I have forgiven thee!"

"I turned from her, and would have left the room; but she flew forward; and, casting herself at my feet, between me and the door, intreated me not to leave her till she had confessed the full extent of her crime to her husband, who now advanced, pale with apprehension, and his eyes wild with terror. I raised her from the earth. She then told me, that the brave Englishman, who was then her husband, had, long before she saw him, been introduced to her at Berlin; at which court he was, attending on the son of his sovereign, the Duke of York. At the first interview, an attachment took place; and, on the eve of his return to England, she was solemnly betrothed to him. Her mother, tired of the splendours of a court, resolved to retire to Naumberg, her birth-place, and reside there till the marriage of her daughter with Captain Spencer. On their arrival in that town, Thusnelda heard of me; "my beauty, my bravery, my rank, and my insensibility," all which she determined to conquer, as a pastime during the absence of her lover, any knowledge of whom she had carefully concealed from me. My unexperienced heart too easily fell into the snare. When I took my leave of her, she was touched at my distress; and, knowing that she would be married, and most probably in England, before my return, she thought she would finish her plot so as, by the recollection of her tenderness, to render the perils of the campaign more tolerable to my feelings. But now she abhorred herself for her duplicity: and, to the latest hour of her life, would execrate the precepts which taught her, that lovers must be acquired at the expence of every thing that that is graceful in humanity. With a flood of tears, she begged my forgivness; and, having received it from my lips, unconsciously to myself, pronounced the words, she arose, and left the room. Her husband caught my hand—"Noble Weimar!" said he, while the kind compassion of his soul spoke in his benevolent eye, "this conduct of my wife wounds me to the heart. I know not what to say in her defence, but that it is the fault of her education, not the crime of her soul. Cursed be the wretches, who formed the code of laws by which the generality of females guide their lives! Vanity, hypocrisy, and perfidy, are their first lessons. From such principles, what effects must spring, but disgrace and misery? My dear Thusnelda has a tender heart, but she is a perfect woman. Education has spoiled in her the most humane and gentle of dispositions. Her remorse for the mischief she has occasioned, and my sedulous endeavours, may perhaps accomplish the reinstatement of its former worth. But to you, much-injured Weimar! forget her as a thing undeserving of your esteem."

"I wept at the speech of your generous countryman; and, seizing his hand, as I arose—"I can never, no! never, forget the Thusnelda I once thought worthy of my love, my idolatrous love! I shall still adore the memory of that perfect creature! I shall cherish the idea in my inmost soul. I forgive the Thusnelda that now is; and, for her sake, forswear all womankind!" I wrung his hand as I ended, and darted out of the house.

"I immediately threw up my commission in the army; sequestered myself within the walls of my castle; and, in a short time after, I heard that Captain Spencer, and his family, were arrived in England. I now cast off the dress of men, and robed myself in this garment, that I might have nothing to remind me of the world. I dropped the bridge over the moat; I refused admittance to all visitors; and a three years seclusion within these towers has so far erased my name from the memory of mankind, that I am never mentioned but by the wretched victims of misfortune; who—I have little merit in giving away that which I otherwise could not use—receive the abundance of my yearly revenue, to chase the haggard form of poverty from doors where other woes have introduced affliction. My hours drag on their lingering length in listlessness and sorrow. My harp is my constant companion; and to its tones I frame the history of my sufferings.

"This is the tale of my life. I blush while I relate it: but alas! I am a man, a man whose heart is softened by every weakness of human nature; and I find it impossible to emerge from the melancholy which has drowned the ardours of my youth, and will sink the name of Weimar in the dust! O! Thusnelda! Thusnelda! this is thy work!"

As he concluded, he looked at the picture with an eye of phrenzy; and, starting from his chair, paced the room in a paroxysm of agony. Greville remained si-

lent; and, for a time, he forgot his own grief in the woes of the noble Xavier. But, the next morning, he arose; and dressing himself in a mourning habit, which vainly pictured the sorrow of his mind, descended into the hall, where he met the Count in the same garments. "Be not surprised," said he. "If you will permit me, I mean to accompany you to the funeral of your friend; and, if you approve of it, will order his remains to be deposited in the sepulchre which contains the ashes of the House of Weimar.

The bursting heart of Greville could only thank him with a sigh; and, mounting their horses, they proceeded to Naumberg. As they entered the town, they met the procession attending the bier of his Willoughby. "Was I not expected!" sighed Endymion to himself. "Cruel haste, not to wait for the tears of his only friend!"

At the approach of the Count, every eye gazed with wonder, and every head bowed with reverence, from the exemplary tenor of his life, whom they never expected would again appear in the haunts of men. He commanded the procession to proceed to the chapel of the Castle of Weimar. His orders were obeyed; and, the rites being paid to the sacred dead, the attendants left the church, and Greville found himself alone; only Weimar stood, with his arms folded, gazing on the yet unclosed tomb, with an expression on his countenance that told how he envied the possessors of that peaceful mansion. "I am now at liberty," exclaimed Endymion, plunging into the vault, and throwing himself on the coffin of his friend; "I am now at liberty to pour out my bursting heart, on thy cold remains, my Henry! O my Henry!——" His bosom heaved; and his throbbing side too truly told the agony that racked his soul. His tongue was denied farther utterance; and, clasping the insensible coffin in his arms, he drew the most tearing groans from his swelling breast, which heaved with such a violence, that every breathing seemed the last sigh of the miserable sufferer. Weimar caught him up in his arms, as the soul seemed gliding from its wretched mansion, and carried him into the air; and, by the assistance of the servants, into the castle. He laid him on a couch; and, having brought him to himself, he left him to enjoy the first tumult of his grief in solitude. He went to the chapel, saw the tomb laid over the lifeless body of the gallant Willoughby, and gave orders for a monument to be erected to his memory: he then returned; and, gently opening the door, he saw Greville seated on the sopha, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed on the ground, He started at the entrance of Weimar! who advanced to him; and tenderly taking his hand, told him what he had done. "May God in heaven bless you!" cried he, catching him in his arms, and bursting into tears. The eyes of the brave German flowed in sympathy with his; and, with bleeding hearts, they retired to their chambers.

The next morning, when Greville came into the hall, to bid adieu to his amiable and unfortunate host, he wept afresh. Weimar pressed him to his breast; and, ungirding his sword from his thigh, put it into the hands of Endymion: "Take this, my Greville! it is the sword of my ancestors. I am the last of their race; and I know not one more worthy to direct the sword of the valiant Saxe Weimar, than the merciful heart of Endymion Greville! Farewel my amiable friend! The recollection of thee will soften my sorrows; and if I could hope to see thee once again, the anticipation would diffuse an unknown cheerfulness through these gloomy towers!"

Greville pressed the sword to his lips: "I receive this as a mark of your friendship; and I shall keep it as a memorial that their exists yet one heart that loves me. If I live the succeeding autumn shall see me in Germany. Where is now my home? Henry is no more, who bound me to my native country! and where his dear reliques lie, there shall be my resting place!"

As he ended, he once more rushed into the arms of the Count; and then, tearing himself from his bosom, to England took his melancholy way.

A NORWEGIAN BALLAD.

Translated from La Nord Literature.

By A. S. Cottle.

[concluded.]

SCARCELY were we returned from church, but the table was covered with excellent viands. Annette brought them, passing and repassing without a word.—With what grace and good humour did Annette wait upon us!

"I was all desire, but my sentiments were pure. I boldly addressed my father:—"Where did you find this charming Annette? How happy should I be to become the husband of so fine a girl! Is she destined to be my wife? Tell me freely, would you make her my mother-in-law? You know well that your will is mine. You cannot make a better choice."

"My son! Annette shall marry whom she pleases. I am not acquainted with her sentiments; all I know is, that I pray God to recompense her with that happiness which she diffuses constantly through our dwelling. The trembling hand of old age would be but a sad inheritance for her; but nobody knows whom she loves. She could find admirers in abundance, but she shuns them all."

These words relieved the burden that weighed heavy on my heart. I immediately requested Annette to follow me to a room above; I addressed her in the tenderest manner I was able. I pressed her to tell me in confidence, if she had already made a choice; and assured her sincerely, that in all my travels, I had never met with any one who had pleased me as she had done.

"Let us sit down," said she, "and listen attentively. Do you understand how to keep a secret? Can I confide myself to you in perfect security? If you will swear, I will tell you whom I love." "Heaven knows, I shall swear with a good heart! I have all your words graven deep in my memory."

"Do you remember the day that first made you a soldier,—it is about eight years ago? Do you recollect also Sigri with long hair, who stood by the officers; the same young maid who lamented so much when you were ordered to march as a guard to Copenhagen? There was then among your comrades the handsomest man in the world.

"In seeing Sigri weep, I wept too, but knew not why. The crowd had their eyes fixed on you, but this handsome man looked at me. 'Grieve not at his departure, dear girl,' said he, 'you will see him return in a few years.' 'It is not on his account that I weep,' said I, but on your's.' My grandmother chid me.

"I felt equally proud, both of having been seen, and having spoken to this man. I was, however, a child, delicate, weak, and pale as a winter's moon; but that which I had said was the truth. It is a long time that I have loved him. Never have I seen so fine a man.

"You began your march; he went along with you: when Sigri saw you go, she fainted. Sigri is since dead. She loved you much, but, perhaps you never knew it. Her father was a man cruel and inflexible, who wished to contradict her choice, and persecuted her as long as she lived. For me, I had neither father nor mother; my handsome man went with you;—they tell me since, he has gained

deputation in the service, is much loved, and with much reluctance given up by his officers.

"Now speak freely, and promise with truth to answer my questions. Tell me if his heart is engaged, if it is his intention to remain in the service;—or, if the love of his native country calls him home? He is about your age, and I know that he has my heart, and that I live for him alone."

So far her secret was safe; I was not a bit the wiser. I reflected a long time on what she had said, but in vain. At last I seized her two hands, and entreated her to finish the confidence she had began to repose in me. "I know," said I, "every one belonging to these parts, who have entered into our regiment, and have deserved well; so that if you tell me the name of your favourite, it is not impossible but I may recollect him."

"His name," said she, "my tongue refuses to pronounce;" then turning her head, added,—"modesty makes it expire on my lips. But do not blame me! I have a heart like thine own, that would rather die than be guilty of an indelicate action! But it is all the same perhaps,—do you recollect his portrait?

"At a fair, I accidentally found such a one, the exact resemblance of my favourite. I bought it, with the determination to shew it to no one: but by little and little, you have inspired me with such confidence that I must shew it you—perhaps," said she, "you may recollect it."

She drew out a key, and opened a great coffer, in which was a box, containing something carefully folded up: this she presented to me with a trembling hand.—"Judge," said she, "my feelings by your own. If I have done wrong, consider yourself as the cause; for me, I should always have kept the secret." I began to unfold the little packet, impatient to know what happy mortal the portrait represented; *a mirror reflected my own image.*

In a transport of joy I seized Annette in my arms, and pressed her to my heart, without the power to speak. I felt a mingled sensation of fear and joy. "Yes; it was for thee, dear Thor, that I wept.—Ah! surely now I am the happiest of women; and if I can please as much as I love, my happiness will be complete."

At this moment my father entered: he found Annette in my arms, and tears of joy streaming from our eyes. He catches us tenderly to his bosom, and we all three remained mute for some minutes; at last the old man spoke:—"I see plainly how the case stands; the happy moment that I expected is arrived."—With what joy did we then embrace our father.

ON THE UNION OF MALE AND FEMALE STUDIES.

[From the young Gentleman's and Lady's Magazine.]

WHATEVER has been hitherto published as appropriate for ladies, has been the grossest insult to the understanding of the sex. They have been amused with ridiculous stories, as if they were only children of a larger growth; or their taste and morals have been corrrupted by delineations solely calculated to inflame the passions, without the least attempt to render them rational beings and intelligent companions.

I am convinced many of the misfortunes and the errors of the female sex have originated from a wrong education. Their minds are as susceptible of improvement as those of the other; but while the utmost attention is paid to the cultivation of boys and young men in every art and science, girls in general are wholly neglected: their common studies, at best, are superficial; and, as if it were intended to keep them in ignorance, by shutting the gates of knowledge against them, very few books which can expand or enlighten the mind are recommended to their use. With a natural turn for the romantic, particularly in their early years, their propensities in this way are gratified, instead of being checked. They read novels and romances till they forget that they are human beings; they learn to imbibe notions which disqualify them from performing an useful part in society; and when they become wives and mothers, they find that the few ideas they have gleaned from books are diametrically opposite to their happiness and their duty.

Will a young woman, for instance, whose fancy has been inflamed by reading of lovers continually sighing, and scenes of rapture which are seldom to be found except in novels, submit to bear a part in domestic cares, and support unavoidable ills, without the querulousness of complaint, or the sense of disappointment? Is one who can converse on nothing in nature, in morals, religion, or science, fit to make an engaging companion for life? What can a man of the least refinement think of a woman who is so ignorant of the little spot of earth she inhabits, as to ask, as I have lately heard done, "if it was not possible to go to Ireland by land?" and who, when the destination of the French Mediterranean fleet, last summer, was the object of conjecture and anxiety, maintained, she "was sure the French were so cunning, that they would find a way to this country without sailing through the straits of Gibraltar;" which she had been previously told was the only passage by sea.

But tho' I strenuously argue, that the male and female studies should in general be the same in quality, I am far from contending that they should be the same in degree. It is by no means necessary that ladies should spend seven years in learning Greek and Latin; but I certainly would recommend that they should read some of the best classics in translation. Again, it is not to be expected that females are to be deeply skilled in criticism, in mathematics, in natural history; but it cannot be improper for them to acquire such a knowledge of every branch of human learning as may enable them to support a rational conversation, when topics of dress, gallantry, and amusement, do not happen to be upon the tapis. As they are never brought up to professions, I would likewise excuse them from deep researches in law, physic, and divinity; yet it is not amiss to have some general knowledge of the two former; and surely, in forming right ideas of the latter, for the regulation of their own conduct and the discharge of their duty, they are as much interested as men.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON SOLITUDE.

OH SOLITUDE! how sweet are thy charms! to leave the busy world, and retire to thy calm shades, is extacy to me. There, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendour, and who prefer pomp and ease to solid pleasure, a contemplative mind may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found among the great.

SOLITUDE affords us time for reflection, and the surrounding objects incite us to think on, and praise our great Creator, who has, in his infinite goodness, created us, and endowed us with reason; who taught us, that it was him alone, whom we ought to love, fear, honour and obey.

In SOLITUDE the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations, which improves it, and renders it alive to all the various beauties which we find displayed in the Great Book of Nature.

Blest SOLITUDE! may I never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of my time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great value.

QUINTUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

From Letters of Madam du Montier.

IN the country, last year, says Madam de Montier, I was in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:—

"About forty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel, with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty Judge; what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance!—True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of an idea that you have it in your power to save my life.—How can I possibly effect that? rejoined the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crimes?—If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word; I have beheld the rack too near to again expose myself to its torments. The friar acted as I and you should have done in a similar situation, he yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of his escape. The chapel where they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground.—You have only, said the criminal, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what had become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he, coolly, for by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel; he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that moreover, if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's sang froid, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing; a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration, he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief, whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours; I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me; I shall now die content, since I have seen and been able to testify my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he had devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least, of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

NUMERICAL AMUSEMENTS.

1. *THIRTY boys in a school having misbehaved, and it being resolved that fifteen are to be punished by way of example, to place them in a ring, in such a manner that any fifteen may be saved without apparent partiality.*

In order to effect this, the boys must be arranged according to the numbers annexed to the vowels in the subsequent Latin verse:

Po-nu-le-am vir-gam ma-ter re-gi-na fe-re-bat.
4 5 2 1 3 1 1 2 2 3 1 2 2 1

Observe, that each vowel denotes the number to be placed, *a* corresponding to 1, *e* to 2, &c. Therefore take 4 of those who are intended to be screened, then 5 of those who are to be punished, then 2 of those to be saved, and 1 to be punished, and proceed thus to the end of the verse.

Having arranged the boys in this form, the master must enter the ring, and beginning with the first of the four intended to be saved, count to 9, and turn the 9th out to be punished. Thus going on telling 9 more, the second 9 will fall on one to be corrected, and still counting 9 till the 15 are completed, they will be found to be the individuals originally selected for punishment, though the whole will appear the effect of chance.

2. *A person in company having privately put a ring on one of his fingers, to name the person, the hand, the finger, and even the joint on which it is placed.*

Desire a third person to double the number of the order in which the wearer of the ring stands, and add 5 to that number, then multiply that sum by 5, and to the product add 10. Let him then add 1 to the last number, if the ring be on the right hand, and 2 if on the left, and multiply the whole by 10; to this product he must add the number of the finger, beginning with the thumb, and multiply the whole again by 10. Desire him then to add the number of the joint; and lastly, to increase the whole by 35.

This being done, he is to declare the amount of the whole, from which you are to subtract 3535; and the remainder will consist of four fingers, the first of which will give the place in which the person stands, the second the hand (1 denoting the right, and 2 the left hand,) the third number the finger, and the fourth the joint.

EXAMPLE.

Suppose the person stands the second in order, and has put the ring on the second joint of the little finger of the left hand:

Double the order is	4
Add	5
	9
Multiply by	5
	45
Add	10
	55
Number for left hand	2
	57
Multiply by	10
	570
Number of finger	5
	575
Multiply by	10
	5750
Number of joint	2
	5752
Add	35
	5787
Subtract	3535
	2252

Hence it will appear that the first 2 denotes the second person in order, the second 2 the left hand, 5 the little finger, and 2 the second joint.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

The following account of a most extraordinary phenomenon of nature, may be depended on for its authenticity. This singular man is probably still alive—he was living, to the writer's knowledge, six years ago.

In the village of Ditcheat, four miles from Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, in the year 1765, a woman of the name of Kingston, was delivered of a stout boy, without arms or shoulders. He possesses, without the usual appendages of arms, all the strength, power, and dexterity of the ablest and most regularly made men, and exercises every function of life. He feeds, dresses, and undresses himself, combs his own hair, shaves his beard with the razor in his toes, cleans his shoes, lights his fire, writes out his own bills and accounts, and does almost every other domestic business. Being a farmer by occupation, he performs the usual business of the field, fodders his cattle, makes his ricks, cuts his hay, catches his horse, and saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. He can lift ten pecks of beans with his teeth; with his feet throws a large sledge-hammer farther than other men can with their arms; and he has fought a stout battle, and come off victorious. In 1789, he married a young woman. These facts are notorious in most parts of Somersetshire.

JULY, 1801.

ANECDOTES OF CHASTITY.

CHASTITY is a rare virtue, said Lucian; it is like justice, a shadow of it is only seen: therefore it is maintained, that they are both returned to heaven. Thalia was chaste from necessity, because her remarkable ugliness attracted the hatred and contempt of all the world. Elergia entered among the number of vestals, because the natural coldness of her constitution had metamorphosed her heart of flesh into a heart of ice. Scipio Africanus had the gift of chastity before the lovely Cleria; Alexander before the wife of Darius; Lisander before Portia. The ingenious Marcia, daughter to Marcus Varro, was an excellent statuary and painter, and, by her works, gave public testimony of her chastity, by neither carving or painting the figure of a man. Macrine, wife to Manlius Torquatus, was so chaste and affectionate to her husband, that, in order to preserve the reputation of those virtues entire, she made a resolution during the space of eleven years that her husband was absent in the war, never to go out of her house, nor look out of her window, nor appear without a veil, nor speak to any male above the age of eight years. But, some time after the return of her husband, proving pregnant, and continuing her former vow, she died, from the extreme desire she had to see a monster which passed through the street where she lived, not daring to go to the window for fear of being seen, and violating the vow she had made. Hieron, tyrant of Syracuse, was one day accused that he had a stinking breath: he was enraged to the highest degree of passion, not against the person who told him so, but against his wife, who had been always silent on the subject. She replied, very wisely, that she had thought this imperfection natural to all men, and by this answer gave the best testimony of her faithful chastity. A person of high birth causing a Lacedemonian lady to be solicited for a favour that she thought not very honest, wisely answered the messenger in this manner: "Before I married, I learned to obey my father, and have always done so; but now that I am a wife, I obey my husband: if, then, the demands of your master are honest and just, let him first declare it to my husband." This answer, proceeding from a heart devoted to chastity, silenced the messenger, and the master likewise when he was told it. At the siege of Thebes, a captain, having violated a noble lady, interrogated her to know where her treasure was concealed; she made answer, that it was put down in a dry well near her house: he descended into it, and she had the courage, when he was at the bottom, to throw large stones upon him as heavy as she could well lift, and which revenged her by his death, for the injury he had done her. Giuseph, duke of Frioul having been vanquished by Cananus, king of the Huns, and lost his life in the battle, his duchy by this misfortune was exposed to all the rage and insolence of the enemy. This prince had two daughters as lovely as chaste, and who preserved their honour by the following means: they tied the flesh of young pullets round their breasts and under their arm-pits; and these being soon corrupted by the natural heat of those parts, an insuportable stench followed them every where. When the Huns entered the castle, and saw the suprising beauty of these two ladies, they were determined to violate them; but when they drew near, and the horrible stench of their bodies had struck their nostrils, it immediately quenched their desires, and they ran away from them as they would have done from the plague.

ANECDOTES.

OF ROBERT THE NORMAN.

THE following curious anecdote may serve both as a proof and illustration of the wit, politeness, and generosity of the Normans.—When Robert Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendor, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and other virtues. Of these, many remarkable examples were related to the Emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view, he invited the Duke, and all his Nobles, to a feast, in the great hall of the Imperial Palace; but took care to have all the tables and seats filled with guests before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded to take no notice. When the Duke, followed by his Nobles in their richest dresses, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests, and that none of them returned his civilities or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the least appearance of

surprise or discomposure, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined off such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast was ended, the Duke and his Nobles arose, took leave of the company in the most graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets, leaving their cloaks, which were of value, behind them on the floor. The Emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surprised at this part of it; and sent one of his courtiers to entreat the Duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," said the Duke, "and tell your master, "that it is not the custom of the Normans "to carry about with them the seats, which "they use at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refusal; or more noble, polite, and manly, than this deportment?

OF DR. FRANKLIN.

WHEN Dr. Franklin printed a Newspaper in Philadelphia, a person brought him a piece which he desired might published. The Doctor requested him to leave it till the next day, when he would give him an answer. He accordingly returned at the time appointed, and received the following answer from Franklin: "he had," he said, "perused the piece, and found it to be seurrilous and defamatory. To determine whether he should publish it or not, he had gone home in the evening, purchased a two penny loaf at the baker's, and with water from the pump, had made a supper of it. He then wrapped himself up in his great coat, laid himself on the floor and slept soundly till the morning; when, on another loaf, and mug of water, he breakfasted, and felt no inconvenience whatever from his regimen. Finding he could live in this manner, he had formed a determination never to prostitute his Press to the purpose of Corruption and Abuse, for the sake of gaining a more comfortable subsistence."

Answer to Sir Taffey Blunderbuss's *Questions, in the 49th No.*

1. ADAM.*
2. A DOG.
3. BALAAM'S ASS.

* The writer, we presume, means *brother* in the general sense of the word, as we speak of—brethern of mankind.

THE NEIGHBOUR.

"He promoteth in his neighbourhood, peace "and good will, and his name is repeated "with praise and benediction."

NEXT to peace and satisfaction in our own breasts, is peace and satisfaction in our families: and next to this, is the comfort of a peaceable and obliging neighbourhood. The pleasing exercise of the social affections is pleasure indeed. But solitude is preferable to the society of those who are unbenevolent and unfriendly. Solitude indeed is not agreeable to man, and not promotive of happiness: but society made up of the selfish, the envious, the implacable, and malicious, is productive of real misery. We pity the indigent family that removes into the wilderness to seek a scanty, precarious subsistence, far from sympathizing friends and helping neighbours. But is not that poor and honest family, in as deplorable a situation, which, tho' they live in a thick neighbourhood, meets notwithstanding with insults, injuries, and abuses, instead of friendly assistance, and kind condolements?

Mankind are mutually dependent on each other. No one is sufficient of himself to build up his own interest or happiness, unaided and unsupported by his fellow creatures. Any individual left wholly to himself, unconnected with others, must be considered as a forlorn individual. There is no family, much less, a single person, however well provided, but at some time or other, and perhaps very often, stands in need of the aid, the advice, the sympathy, or the presence and conversation of others. All are imperfect, all are liable to sickness, pain, misfortunes, and bereavement. None therefore should be unwilling to impart their neighbourly assistance whenever it is wanted. Nothing contributes more to help us up the hills of difficulty, over the rugged roads of disappointment and perplexity, and through the sloughs of discouragement—to lighten the loads that we sometimes stagger under, and to carry us the more easily along the journey of life, than the kind attention, the soothing words, and the ready assistance of our friends and neighbours. And scarce any seeds of evil are more prolific of those bitter fruits which poison the enjoyments of life, or which actually kill them, or prevent their growth, than bad neighbours. Let a man be prosperous in his worldly affairs, and surrounded with an agreeable family, yet if those among whom he lives, are envious and ill-natured, and instead of befriending, are disposed to vex and injure him, his happiness must be greatly diminished.

The duties and comforts of good neighbourhood, consists in the suppression of the selfish, the irascible and the malevolent passions, and in the cultivation and exercise of those that are generous and friendly. He that is attentive only to his own concerns and interest, and cares not what becomes of others; he that is easily provoked, and ready to resent; he that is envious at the prosperity of others, or wishes their hurt, or is glad at their calamity, cannot be a good neighbour. He only is deserving the character who is kind and obliging; who is willing to do a good turn, as well as to receive one; willing to lend, as well as to borrow: who is tender of the character and interests of those among whom he lives: who, being a fallible creature himself, is disposed to make all reasonable allowances for the failings of others: in short, who is observant of the golden rule, *to do to others as he would have others do to him.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Different effects of Philosophy on different constitutions—Traits of Characters—Smollet and Sterne two opposite ones.

HERACLITUS wept, and Democritus laughed at human affairs. The former incessantly deplored the follies, vices, and "cross accidents" of mankind; the same vices, follies, &c. afforded the latter an inexhaustible fund of mirth. I suspect there are many similar characters in every age, though not designated as weeping or laughing philosophers. In the present day the grave sententious philosophy of the Stoics seems to be much affected. Some there are "who go about sorrowing all the day long," and whose "daily bread" it is to repine at every object, and every occurrence of life. Others there are who in the full glee of their hearts, convert each incident, however calamitous, into a subject for merriment. This habit of the mind appears at the same time, not acquired by reflection or study, but a native kindly temperament.

Doctor Smollet, in traversing "the finest parts of Europe," went *darkling* on, wrapt in sombre melancholy. The gayest scenes, the most enchanting prospects served merely to tinge with a darker hue the complexion of his mind. He appears to have sought with avidity for subjects of disquietude, and truly in this search no one need fear a disappointment. His account

of his travels are accordingly like a "piece of joinery grossly indented, and whimsically dove-tailed" with imaginary woes. Pity it is that a character so estimable for talents, should have courted unhappiness.

The Doctor was verily a Heraclitus.

Sterne, the opposite of Dr. Smollet, went carroling along the same rout, and neither scanty meals, extortionate landlords, impertinent clowns, nor even importunate fille de chambres, ruffled the "sunshine of his mind." I would now ask you, Mr. Hogan, to conclude, whether Sterne was not a legitimate *laughing philosopher*.

DOCTOR SLOP.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I HAD almost despaired of finding a guest at the table I had spread, when Mr. N. MAJOR came forward, and appeared to partake of the repast with considerable relish. But, alas! the first course was scarcely removed, when I saw him rise and retire. What could have occasioned this precipitate retreat, I know not: perhaps it was the want of invitation. I therefore take the liberty of politely requesting his return, assuring him he will find the second equally palatable with the first.

The question required the finding two cubes, whose *sum* and not *difference* should equal 28. The numbers discovered by N. Major, whose difference is 28, are perfectly correct; and with their assistance, he can easily find two others whose sum shall make the same amount.

TWICE-EIGHT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

WOMAN:
OR,
NATURE'S MASTER-PIECE.

A MADRIGAL,

Translated from the French.

The lines and measure corresponding with the original.

IN six days, Creation was fram'd;
GOD's wisdom dictated the plan;
And when other beings were nam'd,
The workmanship ended with man—

He was the most perfect design'd,
Endow'd with a heaven of soul;
And when his due place was assign'd,
LOVELY WOMAN *came crowning the whole.*

Thus pleas'd, GOD call'd it GOOD.
Thus fair Creation stood.

AMYNTOR.

The Dessert.

SONNET IV.

TO FEMALE MODESTY.

Hail, *Modesty!* fair female's honour, hail!
Beauty's chief ornament, and Beauty's self—
. . . . . Without thy charms,
Beauty disgusts . . . . . .

ARMSTRONG.

CELESTIAL Goddess, of etherial birth,
Great Nature's master-piece, divinely fair—
Heav'n breathes in thy sweet countenance and air,
Thou choisest flow'r that e'er adorn'd the earth.

Thy gentle soul beams from thy speaking eyes;
Love, Beauty, Mildness, blending, grace thy mien;
Thy virgin cheeks and lips wear smiles serene;—
We gaze, with joy, with rapture, and surprize.

O! fairest Excellence of all that's fair,
Thou, of the Virtues pure assemblage bright,—
Still round thine own dear Sex diffuse thy light,
As the lov'd objects of thy tender care.

Such ever be AMYNTA's charms and worth,
My all in all, my greatest bliss on earth!

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,
NOVEMBER 7, 1801.

☞ THE present NO. (52) of the Philadelphia Repository, completes the first volume. With the 1st NO. of the second volume, on Saturday next, will be given, a NEW PATRIOTIC SONG, entitled, "CITIZEN SOLDIERS,"—Music by Mr. R. TAYLOR; words by AMYNTOR, whose poetical powers we presume our readers are not unacquainted with. A complete INDEX to the first volume is now making out, and will be delivered, together with a *Title Page*, to the patrons of the Repository, on this day two weeks.

Marriages.

Howe'er the various scenes of life we scan,
Still *wedlock* is the happiest state of man:
Old batchelors and maics may spurn the tie,
And, "lost in their sad selves, both live and die:"
Yet those, who once have worn the joyful chain,
Know its blest sweets, and fly to it again;—
Convinc'd, that in its bonds alone, we prove
The soul of life, felicity and love.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Samuel F. Saunders, to Miss Frances Groves....On the 2d inst. Mr. Etienne Courisang, to Miss Margaret Stein....On the 4th, at Friends' Meeting House, in Pine-street, Mr. John H. Cresson, merchant, to Miss Rachel Walter.

Deaths.

Altho' the death-bell hourly strikes our ear,
And thousand fellow mortals disappear;
Altho' we hourly hasten to the tomb,—
We live, as tho' *our* end would never come.
Great Source of being! wake our drowsy senses;
Prepare us for the hour that calls us hence;—
That we, when all life's vanities remove,
May rest with Thee in realms of bliss and love.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 5th inst. Mr. James Slater, an eccentric character, as universally known, perhaps, as most men in his sphere of life; and whose frequent generous exertions in the cause of suffering humanity will be long remembered by his friends.

.....At Norfolk, on the 25th ult. of an apoplectic fit, Major C. C. de Klauman, Æt. 58; he was well known by his services in the Revolutionary War, in the Virginia line.

.....At Fort Johnston, near Wilmington, (N. C.) on the 3d ult. Major Griffith John M'Rue, Collector of the port of Wilmington, and late of the 1st regiment of artillerists and engineers of the army of the United States.

.....Lately at New Orleans, Mr. Samuel Thatcher, seaman, of this city.

.....At Belfast, (Ireland) last August, Mr. Ebenezer Black, publisher of the News-Letter.

.....At Germantown, on the 4th inst. admidst a large assemblage of mourning children and grand-children, Dr. William Shippen, sen. at the very advanced period of 93 years of age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications from *T. W. de la Tienda*, will be duly attended to.

Lines on the question "*What is Love*," and "*The Adieu*" are not original.

Address to "*Matilda*," we suspect to be in the same predicament.

The *Commentator's No.'s* will be inserted with as much regularity as circumstance will admit.

"*Sonnet to the Sun*" is not deemed sufficiently correct for publication.

"*A Subscriber*," is informed, that it will be necessary to send answers to the Enigmatical List of young Ladies, before they can be published. The Editor regrets that repeated intimations of this kind become necessary,—correspondents however, are informed, that whether these intimations are attended to or not, one invariable rule will be adhered to.

We have read the letter referred to by *Twice Eight*, but cannot perceive in it either importance or interest sufficient to justify its re-publication in the Repository.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

A SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF ROWLEY'S,

Which were said to be written in the 15th Century.

(Communicated for the Philadelphia Repository, by T. W. DE LA TIENDA.)

LIFE for me has now no charms,
Since my comely youth is gone:
Death has stol'n him from my arms;
Cold is he as any stone—
Ah! cruel death
Who snatch'd his breath
And left me here to mourn.

Leave, O leave the festive throng;
Let the briny fountains flow;
Falling tears and wailing tongue
Lend, to soothe a maiden's woe—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

White his skin, as lilies fair;
Like the rose, his cheeks so red;
Black as crows, his eyes they were;
Sable locks adorn'd his head—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

Sweet his breath, as blossom'd thorn;
Soft his voice, as summer's breeze;
Musical, as May-day morn,
With the warb'lers in the trees—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

Deadly was his halbert's blow;
Stout his heart, his courage true;
Manfully he drew his bow;
Sure as death his arrows flew—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

Oft he loos'd the captive's chain;
Oft their gory wounds he dress'd;
Widows' sons set free again:
Gentle pity fill'd his breast—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

Hark! the croaking raven's throat,
As his corpse is borne away:
See! the willows, without note,
Droop farewell unto his clay—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

Elf and fairy, snake and toad,
From the light take me away;
Bear me to your dire abode;
Wretched here I cannot stay—
Ah! cruel death, &c.

Ope the fatal flowing viens;
Pierce me with your mortal stings;
Take of life what yet remains;
Life I scorn with earthly things—
Ah! cruel death,
Who snatch'd his breath,
And left me here to mourn.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

On seeing the Repository, No. 50 and 51, clear of the dispute between Mr. Law *and the* Uranian Society.

MR. HOGAN, I thank you, and so does my friend,
That disputes about singing have come to an end:
Your readers concluded you joking, or mumming,
In giving such long dissertations on humming.
Whate'er be your subjects, pray grant us this boon,
That tweedledum cavils you will not resume,
Nor yet poor Urania entangle with Law—
About tuning and singing, she cares not a straw.
For all their fine singing, are they not to blame,
Who set off their music by using her name?
She presides o'er the knowledge of sun, moon and stars,
And roars far above all their la sol fa jars.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.

THE muslin torn—from tears of grief
In vain Aurelia sought relief:
In sighs and plaints she pass'd the day,—
The tatter'd frock neglected lay.

While busied at his weaving trade,
A spider heard the sighing maid,
And, kindly stopping, in a trice
Thus offered (gratis) his advice:—

"Turn, little girl, behold in me
"A stimulus to industry;
"Compare your woes, my love, with mine—
"And tell me, who should most repine?—

"This morning, ere you left your room,
"The chambermaid's remorseless broom,
"In *one* sad moment, *that* destroy'd,
"To build which thousands were employ'd:
"The shock was great; but as my life
"I sav'd, in the relentless strife,
"I knew lamenting was in vain;
"So smiling went to work again.
"By constant work, a day, or more,
"My little mansion will restore;
"And if each tear that you have shed
"Had been a needle-ful of thread—
"If every sigh of sad despair
"Had been a stitch, with proper care,
"Clos'd would have been the luckless rent,
"Nor thus the day have been mispent.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

[From the PINDARIANA of PETER PINDAR.]

AVAUNT, thou squinting HAG, whose list-'ning ear
Seizes on every *whisper*—whose owl's eye,
When night's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,
Stares watchful of each form that passeth by!

Thou fiend, what bus'ness hast thou here on earth,
Dissension-breeder, from thy very birth?
How much more of the *serpent* than the *dove!*
I cannot guess thine errand to this world—
By *thee* is nature *topsy-turvy* hurl'd!
And nearly ruin'd the soft land of love!

Speak I but to my neighbour's wife so *kind*,
And say "Pray how d'ye do, my *dearest* ma'am?"
Behold, a tempest swells the *husband's* mind,
Who gives my sweet civility a d—n:
For lo, thy wickedness at once *adorns*
His trembling temples with a brace of horns.

The instant thou behold'st a married pair,
Adieu, alas! the pleasures of the fair!
Farewell, of BENEDICK, the wedded bliss!
Scarce canst thou let the *honey-moon* go by,
When, hark! the keen reproach!—the lady's sigh!
Dead the fond squeeze, and mute the chirping kiss!

"Watch him."—thou whisper'st in the woman's ear,
"Open his letters—pick his pockets, ma'am—
"Somewhat will be discover'd, never fear;
"Something to dash the monster's cheek with shame.

"Ken him amid the harlots at the play;
"Nor let your eyes a single moment stray:
"He catches a lewd squint, if *yours* are blinkers: (the *stage*;
"Make him look straight on, forward to
"And, on refusal, tell him, in a rage,
"You'll give him, coach-horse like, a pair of *winkers*."

ECONOMY.

LAURA, profuse as city dame can be,
High rates herself on her economy:
She ne'er will buy a thing that's *dear*, she vows,
Yet, by her *bargains*, *pillages* her spouse.
"That set of china was the cheapest thing—
"'Tis fine enough to entertain a king.
"This cambric, slily slip'd into my hand,
"Was *such a bargain!*—I could not withstand. (say;
"That cloth, tho' *dear*, *cost nothing*, one may
"'Twill wear for ever—and, I know, 'twill *pay*"
Then she has bought the finest duck in town;
They *ask'd* three shillings—but *took* half a crown. (*cheap!*
"And don't you think this ham *prodigious*
"We did not want it—but, you know 'twill *keep.*"
Her friends with *bargains* thus poor Laura *treats*, (*cheats*:
Laugh at her tradesmen, whilst herself she
But, Laura, stop in time; too late, I fear,
You'll find the *bargains cost you dev'lish dear.*

*** *Subscriptions for the Repository received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance——Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY—EXTRA.

Saturday, *August* 1, 1801.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS of all kinds received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, and inserted at as low a rate as in any of the daily papers.

August 1, 1801.

PROPOSALS

By DAVID SOWER,

FOR PUBLISHING

A NOVEL, ENTITLED

THE STORM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE work now offered for public patronage, is a scarce and entertaining production.—The scenes depicted are not romantic and visionary; but, on the contrary, they are natural, pleasing, and instructive. The characters are those moving in the common and private walks of life, with a mediocrity of fortune.—The morality is sound—virtue is portrayed, simple and unaffected, yet beautiful and attractive—vice is clothed in its wonted deformity, and rears its head only to be abhorred.—The cheek of the virtuous fair one, will not, in the perusal, be suffused with crimson, by indelicate scenes, or double-entendres. —Such being the qualities of the Storm, *the proposer reasonably hopes that he will receive a liberal patronage from his fellow citizens.*

CONDITIONS.

I. The two volumes will be printed neatly in one, on good paper.

II. It will be comprised in about 270 pages duodecimo.

III. The price, bound and lettered, will be only 75 cents, payable on delivery. The price will be raised to non-subscribers.

☞ The work is in considerable forwardness—Those persons who wish to be in possession of this pleasing novel, at the present price, must apply soon. Subscriptions received at the Book-stores of DAVID HOGAN, No. 54, South Third-Street, and JOHN ORMROD, No. 41 Chesnut-Street.

Wants a Situation,

AS A SEMPSTRESS,

A Person who is well acquainted with almost every kind of Sewing, can do Mantua-making, Plain Work, or the general Sewing of a family. A line (post paid) addressed to R. T. and left at the office of the Philadelphia Repository will be attended to.

JULY 25th, 1801.

EDUCATION.

BRITON ESTILL

WISHES to inform his fellow-citizens, that he has removed his SCHOOL to the Corner of BREAD-STREET and FETTER LANE, (otherwise called Moravian and Watkin's Alley) where he teaches as usual both Sexes.

It would be needless to enlarge on the many advantages which his pupils in their present situation possess, as those who wish to place their children under his tuition, of course will judge for themselves. But it may not be amiss to observe, as ROOM, LIGHT, and AIR, are the well known essential properties of a School Room; that these properties his present situation possesses in an eminent degree.

He wishes further to avail himself of this opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgments for the past, pledging himself to those who may still be disposed to honour him with their confidence for the future, that nothing within the limits of his abilities shall be wanting to merit that patronage with which his former attempts have been so distinguishedly marked.

N. B. A large airy Room, well calculated to accommodate a society, (or societies) may be obtained on reasonable terms, by applying as above. 13t.

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For PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING

The Teeth and Gums.

GOOD TEETH are so obviously necessary for the enjoyment of many of the conveniencies and pleasures of life, contribute so largely to the preservation of that inestimable blessing HEALTH, and so strikingly adorn the countenance, that any discovery which has a tendency to prolong the duration of those that are uninjured, or which arrests others in their progress towards decay, ought to be considered as invaluable, and be made subservient to the comfort and happiness of every individual. More than twenty year's experience throughout Europe, particularly in London and Paris, has proved, that the use of the PARISIAN TOOTH POWDER makes the teeth beautifully white, prevents decay, preserves the gums in health, and the breath pure. It is therefore strongly recommended, as possessing the valuable properties above enumerated.

☞ Sold by appointment, by WILLIAM LERMAN & Co. Druggists, at No. 97, South Second-street, directly opposite the City Tavern—in BOXES, at 50 and 25 cents each.

MEDICINE CHESTS, for Shipping, and private families, with plain and approved directions, are always kept ready at the above place.

MAY 16. tf.

POSTSCRIPT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Observer, No. 3.

. . . . . "Id arbitror
Ad primæ in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis."
TER. ANDR.

"I take it to be a principal rule of life not to be two much addicted to any one thing."

"Bread or *tobacco* may be neglected; but reason at first recommends their trial, and custom makes them pleasant."

This was the opinion of the illustrious Mr. Locke; yet I cannot but differ in one particular, from this learned personage—with respect to *tobacco*; for I am not convinced that *reason* recommends it's trial. If a minute calculation were made, it would be found, that the greatest part of the tobacco that is cousumed, is merely through the influence of *fashion*. It is used in several different methods to gratify two senses, smelling and tasting—*snuff* is used for the former, and *pigtail* and *segars* for the latter. Speaking of snuff Pope says—

"Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
"A charge of *snuff* the wily virgin threw;
"The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
"The pungent grains of titillating dust.

The French seem to be greater consumers of snuff than any other people. You seldom see a Frenchman without a snuff-box. I have heard a story of a poor Frenchman who made his living by standing near the door of a large snuff-manufactory, and begging of each person that came out a *pinch*, which he mixed together and sold. If there is any gratification of the senses, by the use of tobacco, it is most probably in snuff. An old gentleman who is much addicted to large quantities of this *pulverized stimulus*, lately assured me, that if it was in his power, he would leave off this *vile habit*; he had twice attempted it, but could not succeed, as the attempt gave him the head-ache to a very violent degree. He said he would recommend to all young persons, never to accustom themselves to the use of snuff, or tobacco in general.

The most nauseous method of taking tobacco, I think is chewing; it is, if I calculate right, the cheapest way of using it, and of consequence *most* practised by the lower class of people. A sailor uses a *quid* for a *companion*, and I imagine that this is all, for the taste of tobacco is one of the most disagreeable of any plant that grows. In the East Indies, *opium* is used by the inhabitants in as great quantities as tobacco is here. An East Indian would think nothing of *stowing* into his mouth a piece

of opium, that would put an American to sleep, " never to awake until the last day."

The cleanest way of using tobacco is by smoking; this is practised generally by the higher class of people, though not confined to them; for many a poor man will smoke who can scarce get bread. I went into a hotel the other day with my friend Sam Spendall; when we were seated, he immediately called for some segars. He desired me to take one; I told him I did not smoke: he seemed quite surprised, and replied—" Sir it is all the *fashion*." " I do not regard the fashion," said I;—" but tell me Sam, how long is it, since you have turned *smoker*?"—He answered—" about two months:" And, said I, do you find any pleasure in smoking?—" No, returned he, I smoke merely because it is *fashionable*—all gentlemen smoke."—I asked him if it agreed well with him at first?—he said, " No—that he had been sick the whole week, when he first began." Well thought I, I will never get sick for fashion's sake.

The use of tobacco in all it's shapes, is, if not indecent, yet at least an unwholesome and expensive practice.——I had got thus far in my manuscript, when I was obliged to go out on some business, and carelessly putting the paper into my pocket, by chance dropped it in the street. On returning, I was surprised to find it lying on the floor. I immediately suspected that some friend had found it, and had been kind enough to drop it in at the window. Of this I was soon convinced, for on picking it up, I found the following note written with a pencil, immediately under where I had left off.

In the street.

MR. OBSERVER,

I had the luck of finding your remarks concerning the habit of using tobacco; yet I cannot think that you are altogether right. You may depend upon it that a sailor has no better comfort when he is aloft, than a good *chew* of *Virginia plug*, or three or four inches *pigtail* in his mouth. Nothing is more pleasant, to an old woman when she is sitting by the fire, of a cold winter's night, telling stories of witches and ghosts, than a—small *pinch of snuff*: and gentlemen never seem half so social, as when they are sitting over a bottle of wine, with plenty of good *Spanish segars*. 'Tis true that is expensive, when practised without moderation. But there are two extremes in every thing, and of course there must be a middle through which you may pass with safety—*tobacco* may be used, like all other luxuries, in proportion to our purses—But, Mr. Observer, I think you had better drop the subject,—you will find, that people will smoke, and chew, and snuff, were you to write till your fingers were numb."

" Yours—A Smoker."

Having glanced over this note of my friend's, I found nothing in it, but what I had often heard before; but was struck with the last observation, which led me into a deep reverie on the tyranny of fashion, from which I was arouzed by the entrance of my Barber.

DIOGENES.

DESORMEAUX'S Patent Clarified Liquid

CHINA INK,

For Sale at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository.

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The infernal conduct of abandoned man;
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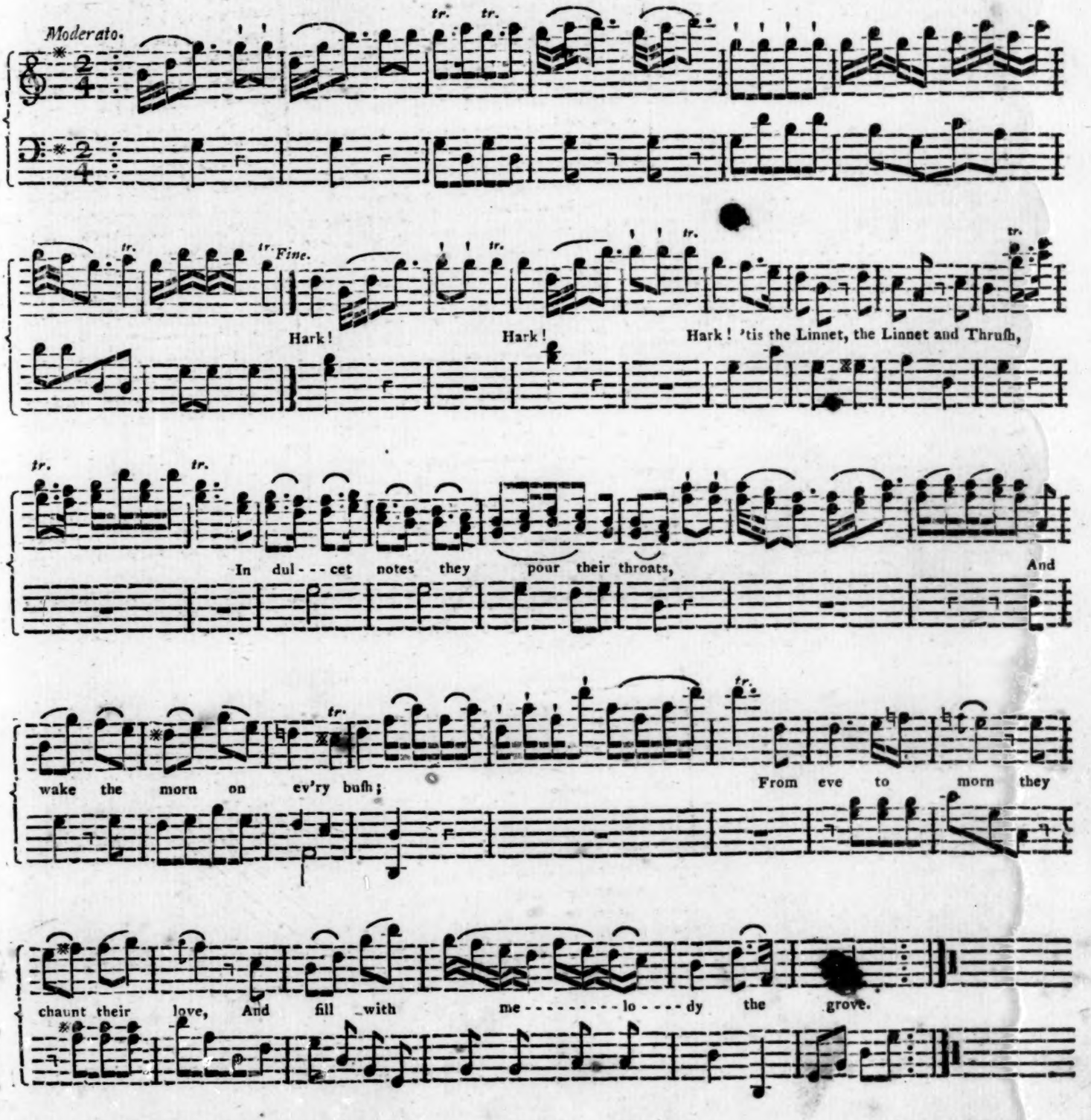
ANECDOTE.

NO man had a greater aversion to excess of ridiculous compliments than Dean Swift; an instance of which we shall relate. A lady had given him an invitation to dinner, and as she heard he was not easily pleased, had taken a month to provide for him. When the time came, there was every delicacy which could be purchased even to a profusion, (which Swift hated.) However he was scarcely seated, when she began to make a ceremonious harangue; in which she told him, she was sincerely sorry she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not any thing fit for him to eat: in short, that it was a bad dinner.—" Confound you, (said the Dean) why did you not get a better? Sure you had time enough! But since you say it is so bad, I'll go home and eat a herring." Accordingly he departed, and left her justly confused at her folly, which had spoiled all the pains and expence she had been at.

THE LINNET AND THRUSH.

A NEW SONG—Composed by Mr. R. Taylor.

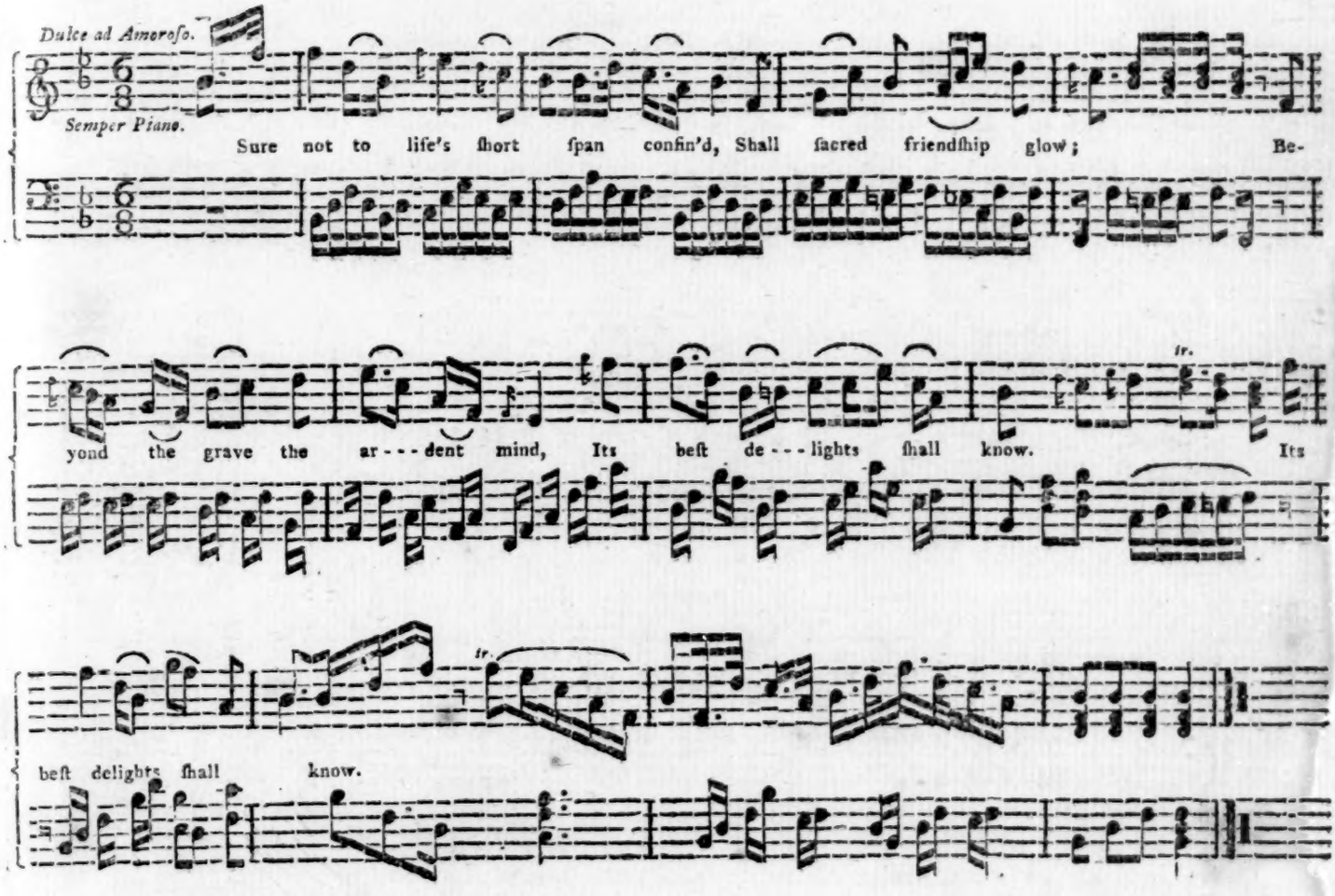


N. B. After the Song has been sung twice, play the first Symphony again and close with it.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Set to Music by Russ—The Bass by Mr. R. Taylor.



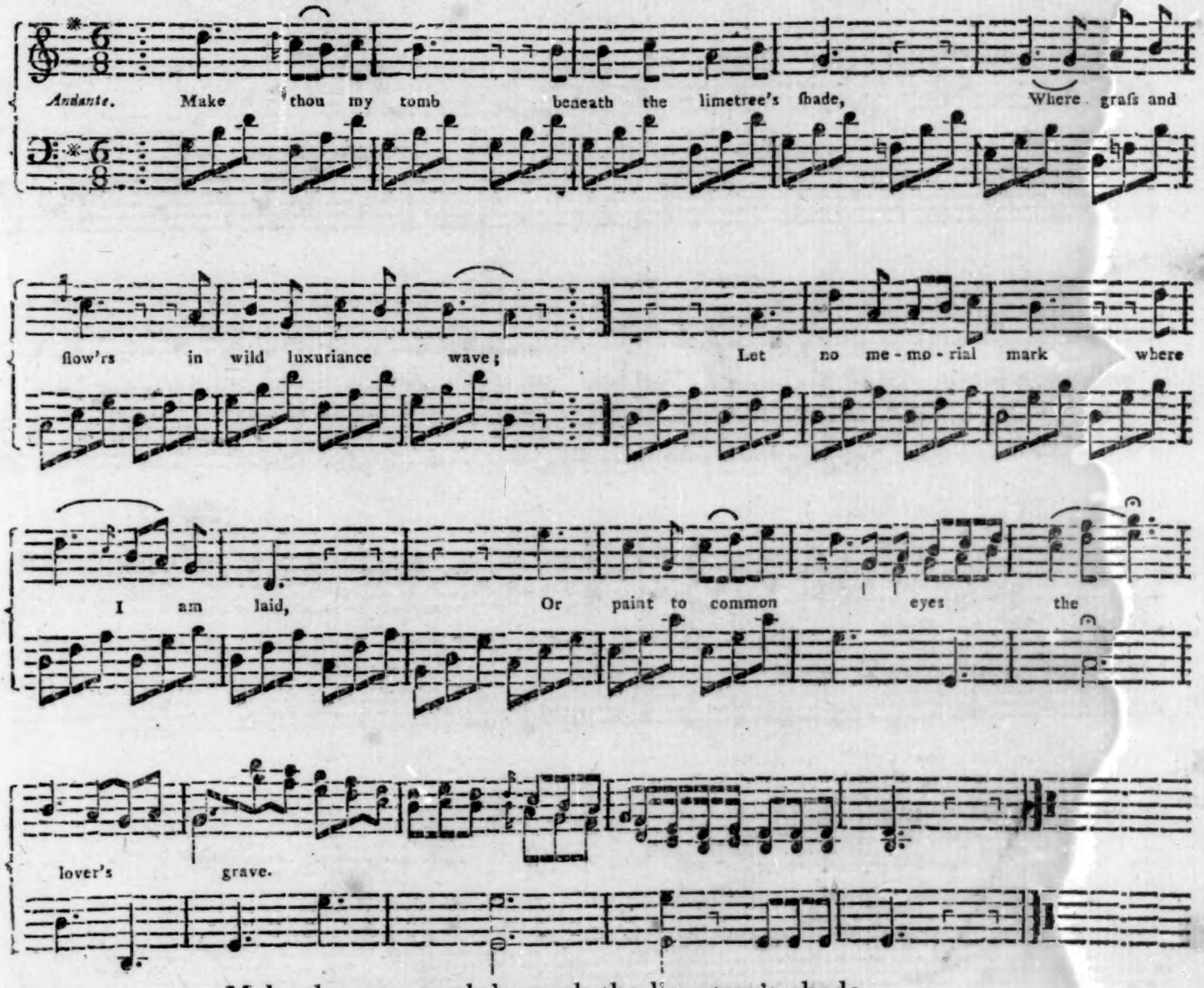
Elest scenes! where ills no more annoy,
Where heav'n the flame approves;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves!

There frendships matchless worth shall shine,
(To hearts like ours so dear!)
There angels own its pow'r divine;
Its native home is there!

For here below, tho' friendship's charm
Its soft delights display;
Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,
Still pant for brighter day!

WERTER'S SONNET.

Composed and Sung by Miss CANTELO.*



Make thou my tomb beneath the lime-tree's shade,
  Where grass and flow'rs in wild luxuriance wave;
Let no memorial mark where I am laid,
  Or paint to common eyes the lover's grave.

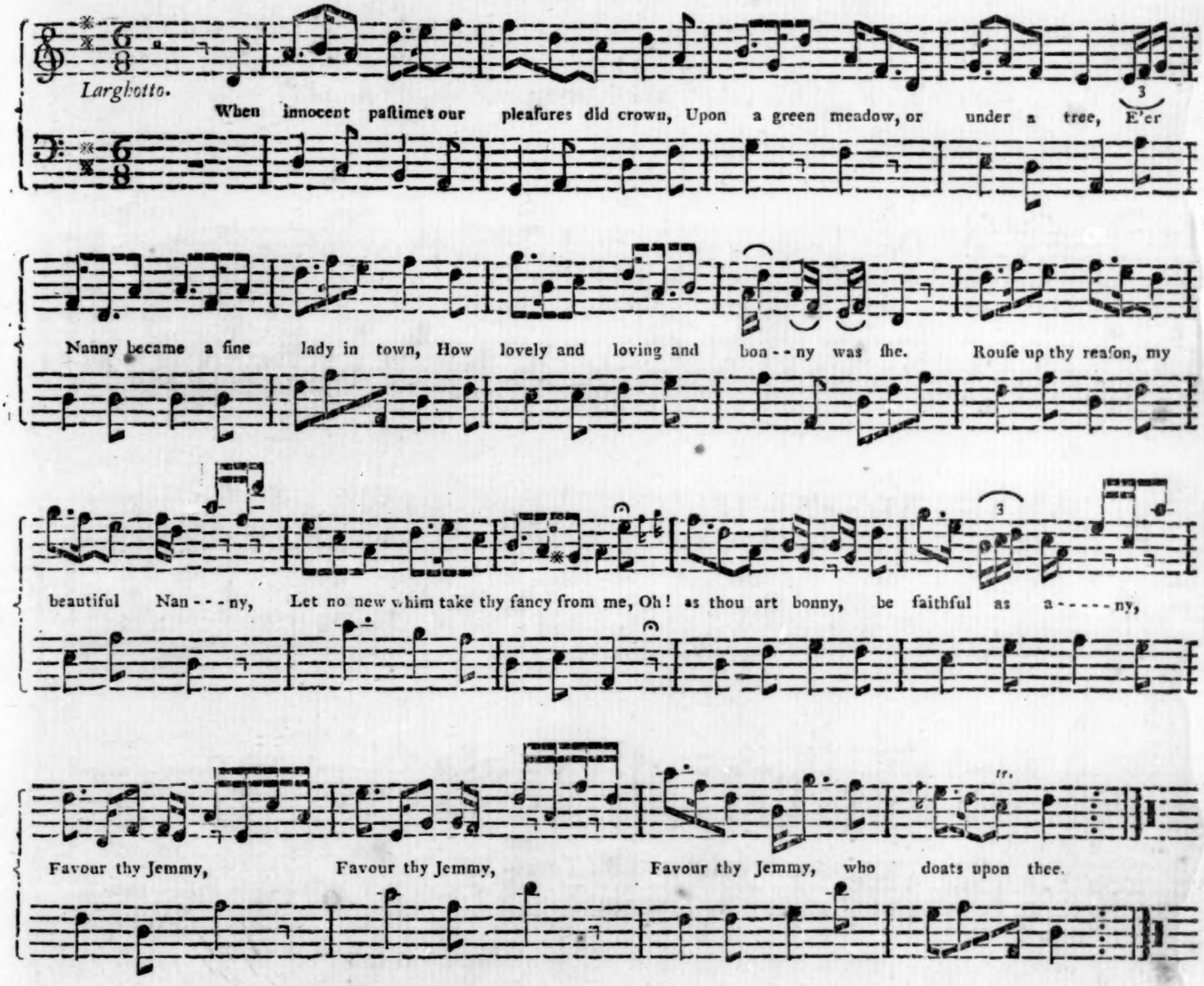
And sometimes, when the sun with parting rays
  Gilds the long grass that hides my silent bed,
The tear shall tremble in my CHARLOTTE's eyes—
  Dear precious drops, they shall embalm the dead.

Yes; CHARLOTTE o'er the mournful spot shall weep,
  Where her poor WERTER and his sorrows sleep.

* *Now Mrs. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison are two of the most favourite singers at the principal public Concerts in* LONDON.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

A BALLAD—By Dr. Arne.*



When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow or under a tree;
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she.

Rouse up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me;
Oh, as thou art bonny be faithful as any,
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
Favour thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

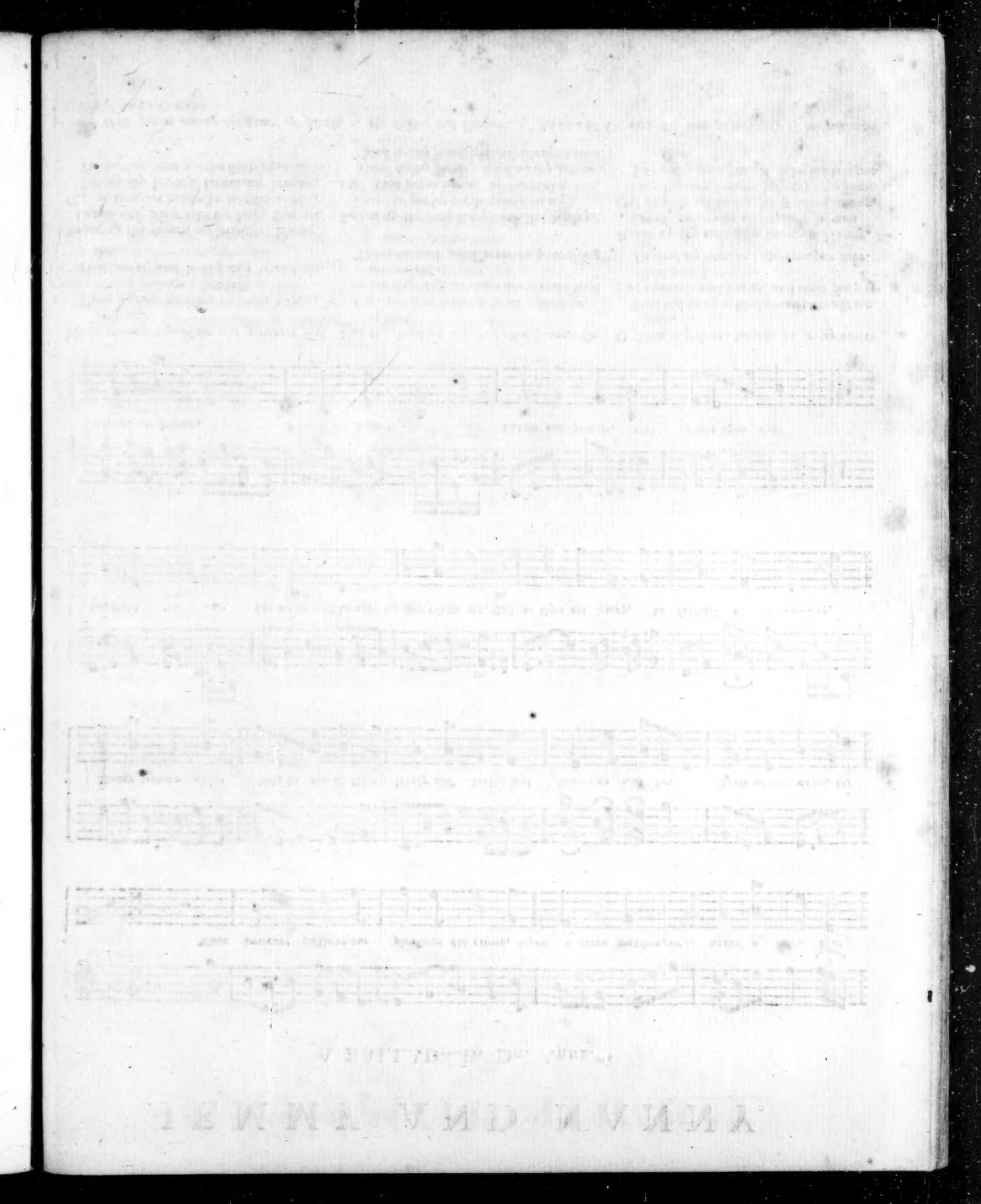
Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,
Can losing of trifles a heart aching be,
Can lap dogs and monkies draw tears from those e'en,
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me.

Rouse up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me;
Oh! thou art as bonny, be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

O think my dear charmer on ev'ry sweet hour,
That slid away softly between thee & me,
E'er squirrels and beaux, and their fopp'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

Rouse up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy desires be all center'd in me;
Oh! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,
Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

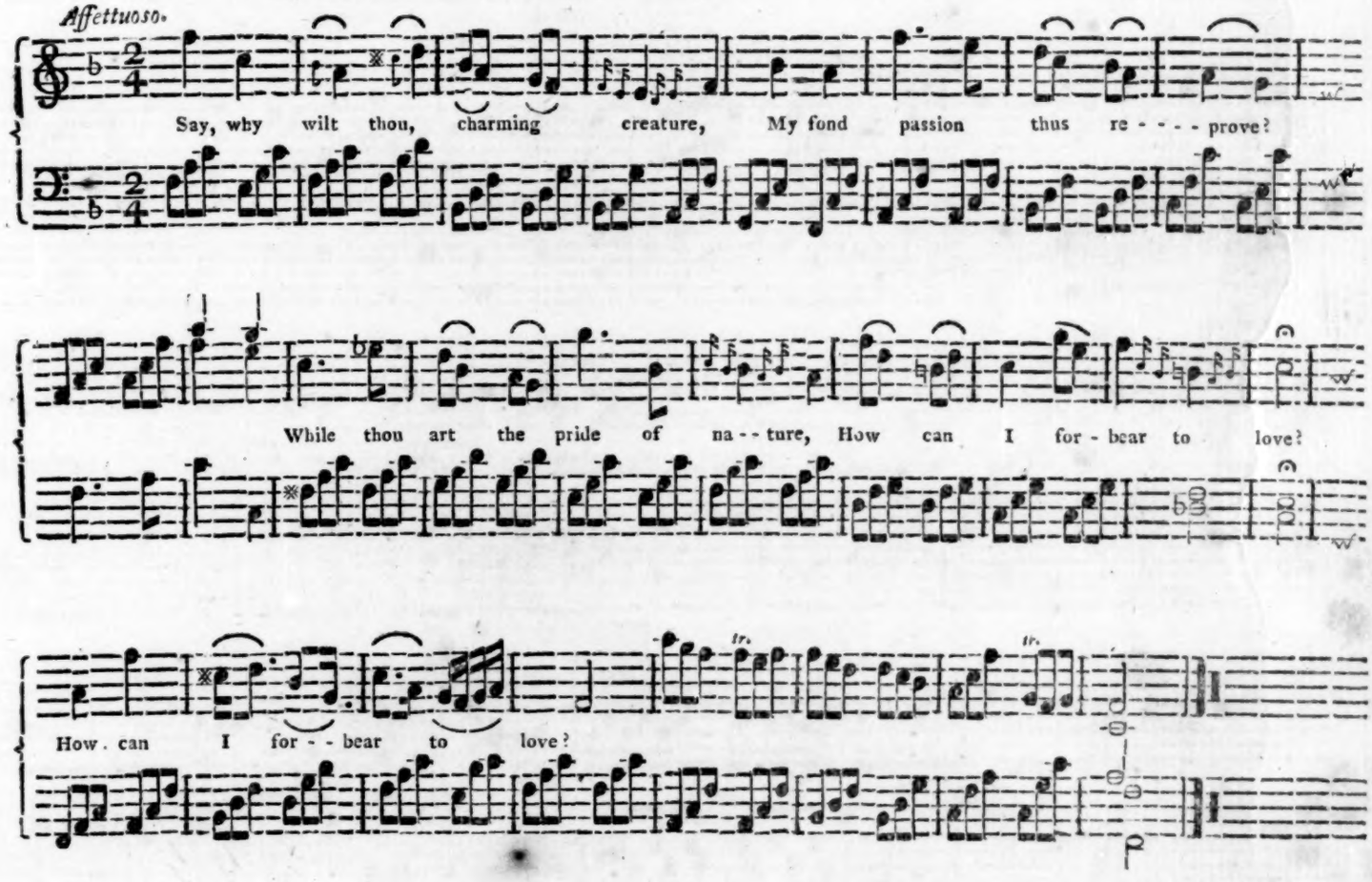
* *Well known among the lovers of Music, as the Author and Composer of* Alfred, Comus, *&c. and particularly by his celebrated Opera of* Artaxerxes.



TENDER SOLICITUDE.

A NEW SONG.

The words by AMYNTOR—The Music by Mr. R. TAYLOR.



Say, why wilt thou, Charming Creature!
My fond passion thus reprove?
While thou art the pride of nature,
How can I forbear to love?

Must I still *in secret* languish,
Where such Virtues shine confest;
Nor unfold the tender anguish,
That distracts my tortur'd breast?

'Tis no crime, in adoration,
To pour out the bleeding soul;
HEAV'N itself, in consolation,
Makes the wounded spirit whole.

Then, MARIA—heaven resembling,
Both in beauty and in charms,—
Hear, and take thy Suppliant trembling,
To thy joy-inspiring arms.

Object of my pure affection,
Soul of life, and life of bliss!
O! dispel my sad dejection,
By one dear, approving kiss!

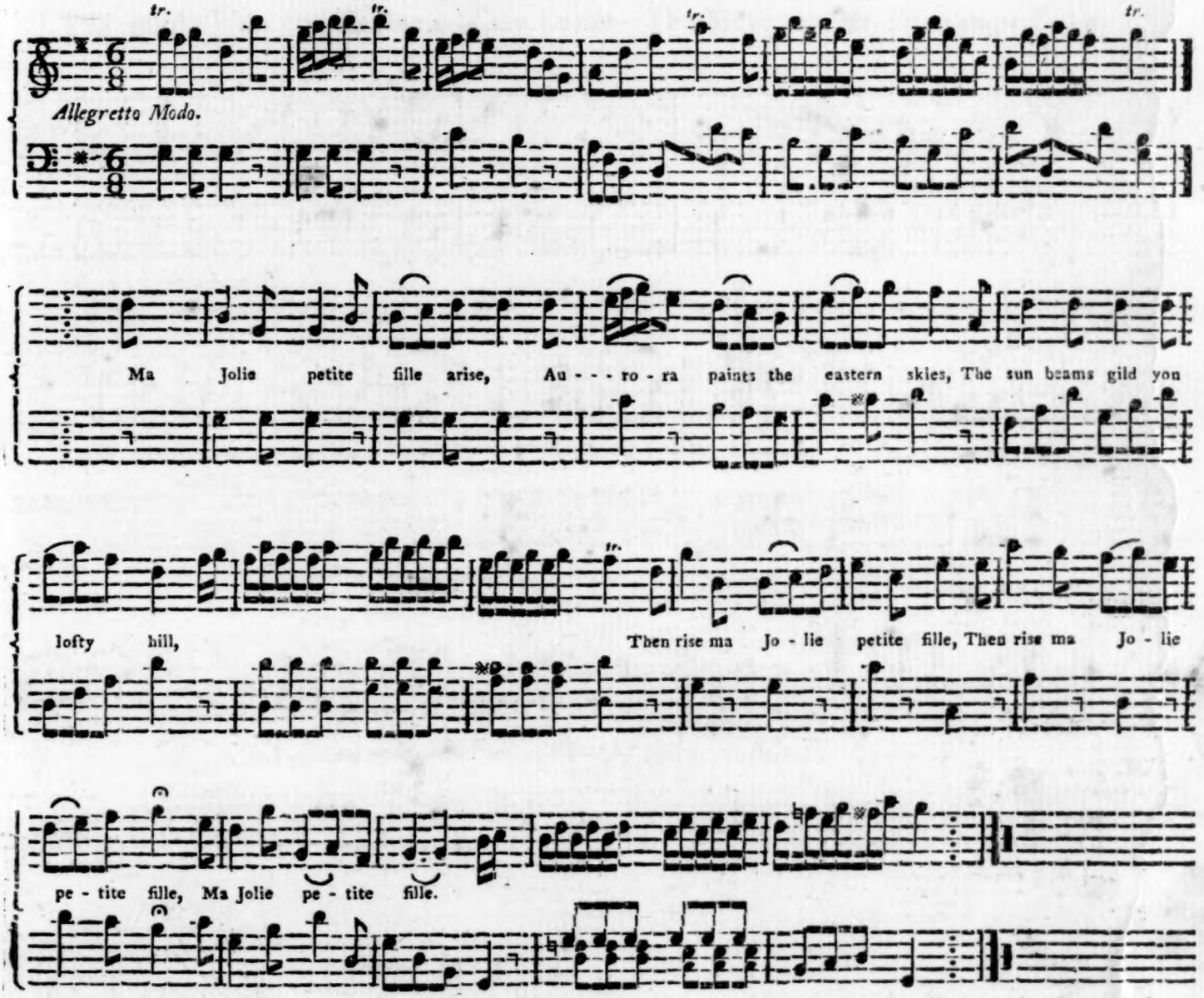
Object of each fond emotion,
Grateful to my captive heart,—
Thou hast all my warm devotion,
And from thee I cannot part.

Then, sweet Angel! be relenting;
HEAV'N bestows itself on thee:
O! then, smile on one repenting!
O! bestow thyself on me!

MA JOLIE PETITE FILLE.

A NEW SONG.

Set to Music by Mr. R. TAYLOR—The words by Mrs. ROWSON.*



N. B. *The Symphony must be omitted in the last verse, which comes in between the third and fourth line.*

Ma Jolie petite fille arise,
Aurora paints the eastern skies;
The sun-beams gild yon lofty hill,
Then rise *ma Jolie petite fille.*

The little warblers in the grove,
Now tune their notes to peace and love;
Soft murm'ring glide yon silver rill,
To charm *ma Jolie petite fille.*

Supremely blest would be my lot,
With thee to share some humble cot;
To share thy joys, and from each ill
To guard *ma Jolie petite fille.*

Content our humble board shou'd spread,
And love with roses strew our bed,
While ev'ry joy and pleasure still,
Should wait *ma Jolie petite fille.*

Blest with thy love—a cot would be,
More welcome than a throne to me;
And that sad hour my peace would kill,
That took *ma Jolie petite fille.*

* *Of* MEDFORD, *near* BOSTON.

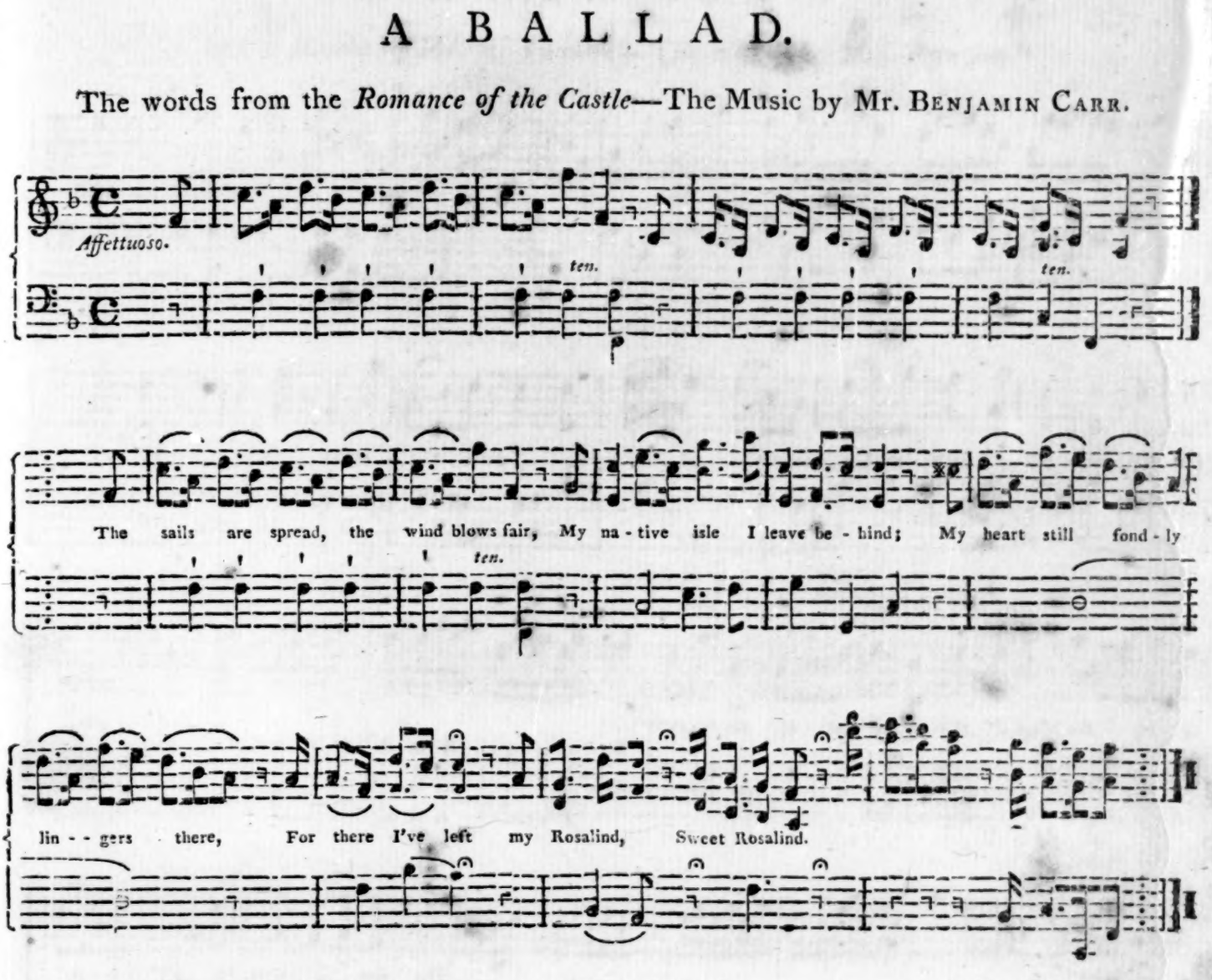
MA JOLIE PETITE FILLE

A NEW SONG.

SWEET ROSALIND.

A BALLAD.

The words from the *Romance of the Castle*—The Music by Mr. BENJAMIN CARR.



(2.)

We nimbly skim the wat'ry waste,
Driv - en by a fav'ring wind;
Ye winds and waves, ah! why such haste
To bear me from my Rosalind,
Sweet Rosalind.

(3.)

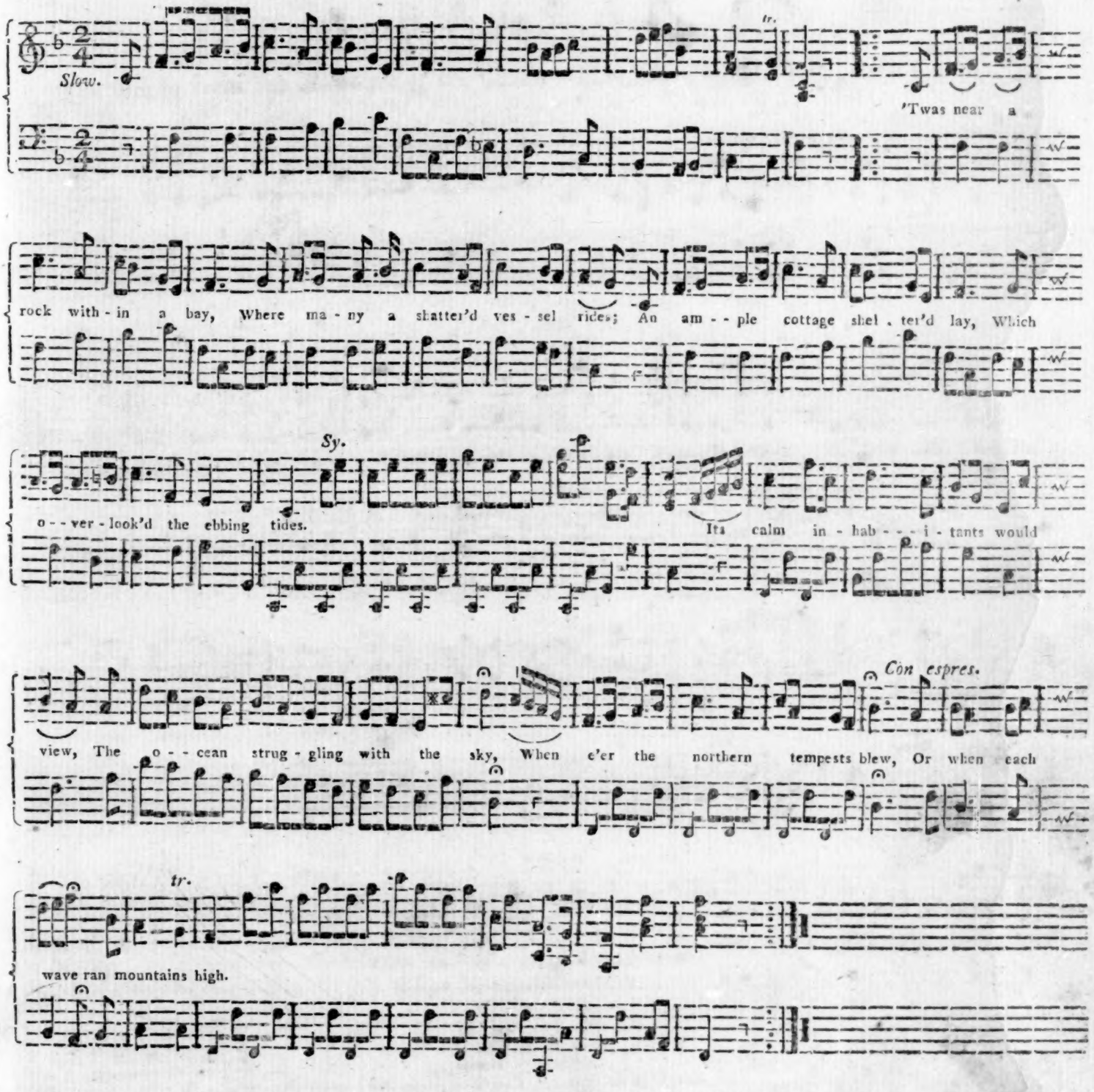
O'er ma - ny a league I pensive roam,
Nor joy nor pleasure can I find,
But sighing w i s h my-self at home,
In the arms of Rosalind,
Sweet Rosalind.

(4.)

Oh! cruel fate how couldst thou se - ver
Hearts from infancy entwin'd,
And banish me, alas! for ev - - er
For ever from my Rosalind,
Sweet Rosalind.

THE SHIPWRECK'D BOY.

(Author's Name unknown.)



2

Once at the closing of a day,
When angry Boreas in a rage,
Had clear'd the dark'ning clouds away,
That caus'd a thund'ring war to wage;
A ship-wreck'd sea-boy, pale and spent
With buffeting the threat'ning waves,
Straight to the peaceful cottage went,
And bending low, for succour craves.

3

He told his tale with feeble voice,
For he'd a heart that could not feign;
The list'ning hearers all rejoice
That he was safe on land again.
The parents and the children strove
Who now would first his wants supply,
While pity caus'd each heart to move,
And sympathy fill'd ev'ry eye.

4

The cann was fill'd, the fire was made,
To cheer and dry their drenched guest,
For each brought something to his aid,
And anxiously the boy caress'd:
At length reviv'd, express'd his mind,
And shew'd his gratitude so plain,
Forgot the thunder and the wind,
Resolv'd to try the sea again.

HODGE'S LAMENTATION.

Composed by Sig. LIUGHE SENZANOME.

Amoroso. *tr.*

Dear lovely Nan, O ease my smart, Or I, poor man, must break my heart; O pity me, hear me, relieve me. I

sigh all night, I burn all day, I cry in spite, I mourn, I pray; Dear Nanny, why won't you believe me.

Con Espressione. *tr.*

Alas! my groans are lost in air, she slights my moans, She mocks my care; Such usage is surely not clever. O

Resoluto. *tr.*

fye! to treat with slight and hate, And cold disdain, so bright a swain: 'Tis done—I'll forsake her for ever. What have I said, un-

Espresivo. *tr.*

thinking man, A nymph t' upbraid so fair as Nan. Forgive, dear maid, thy dying swain; Oh pity me, hear me, relieve me. I

sigh all night, I burn all day, I cry in spite, I mourn, I pray; Dear Nanny, I pray thee, believe me.